DECEMBER
35¢

WEB OF HORROR

AMERICA'S **NIGHTMARE** MAGAZINE

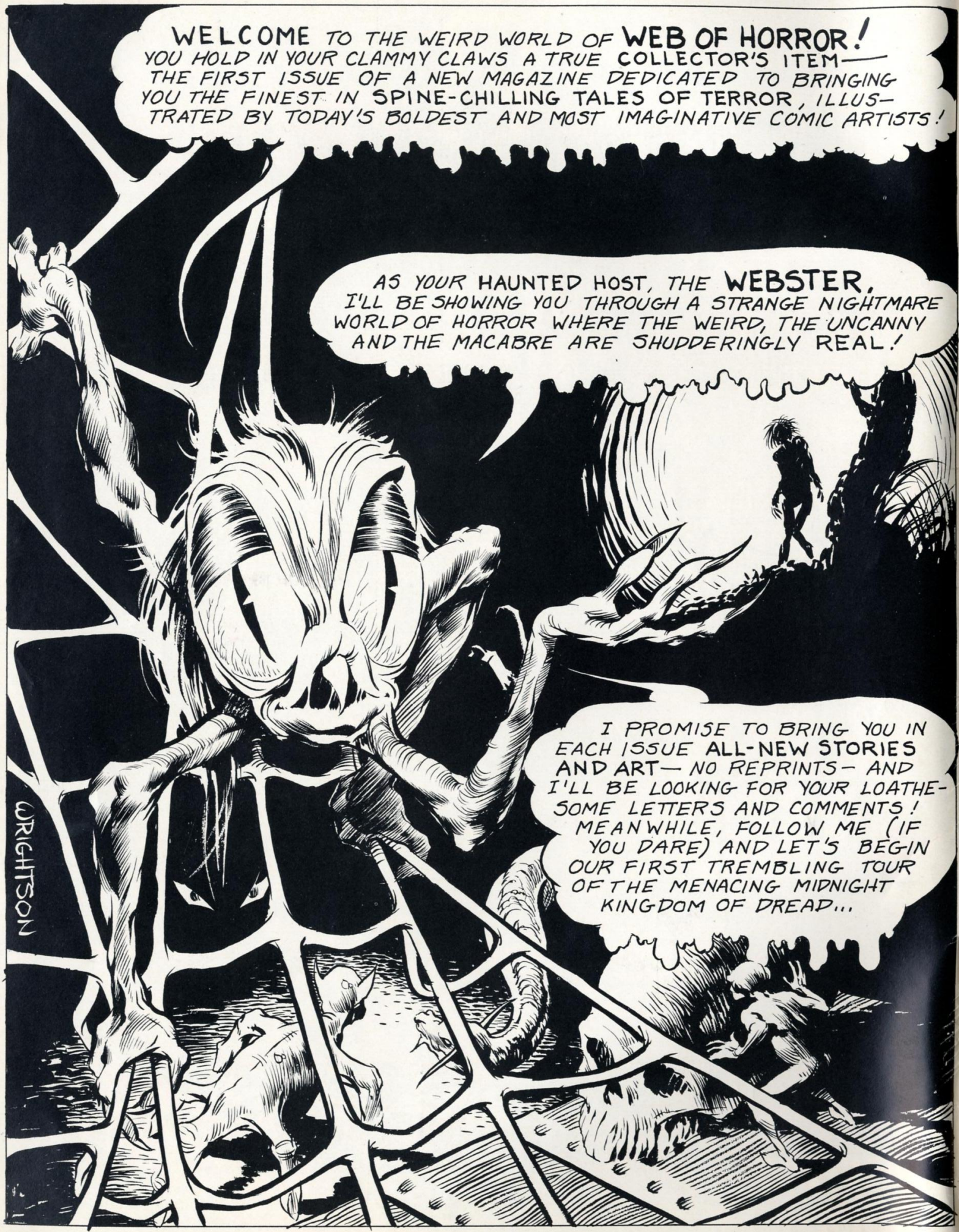
ALL-NEW
WEIRD TALES

Terror at the Edge of Time

THE SKIN-EATERS!

Collector's Edition

DOUBLE COVER BONUS!
Reproduced on back, suitable for framing!


WELCOME TO THE WEIRD WORLD OF WEB OF HORROR! YOU HOLD IN YOUR CLAMMY CLAWS A TRUE COLLECTOR'S ITEM— THE FIRST ISSUE OF A NEW MAGAZINE DEDICATED TO BRINGING YOU THE FINEST IN SPINE-CHILLING TALES OF TERROR, ILLUSTRATED BY TODAY'S BOLDEST AND MOST IMAGINATIVE COMIC ARTISTS!
AS YOUR HAUNTED HOST, THE WEBSTER, I'LL BE SHOWING YOU THROUGH A STRANGE NIGHTMARE WORLD OF HORROR WHERE THE WEIRD, THE UNCANNY AND THE MACABRE ARE SHUDDERINGLY REAL!
I PROMISE TO BRING YOU IN EACH ISSUE ALL-NEW STORIES AND ART— NO REPRINTS— AND I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOUR LOATHESOME LETTERS AND COMMENTS! MEANWHILE, FOLLOW ME (IF YOU DARE) AND LET'S BEGIN OUR FIRST TREMBLING TOUR OF THE MENACING MIDNIGHT KINGDOM OF DREAD...
WRIGHTSON

WEB OF HORROR

America's NIGHTMARE Magazine

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Robert C. Sproul

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Terry Bisson

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Jeff Jones

December 1969

Number 1

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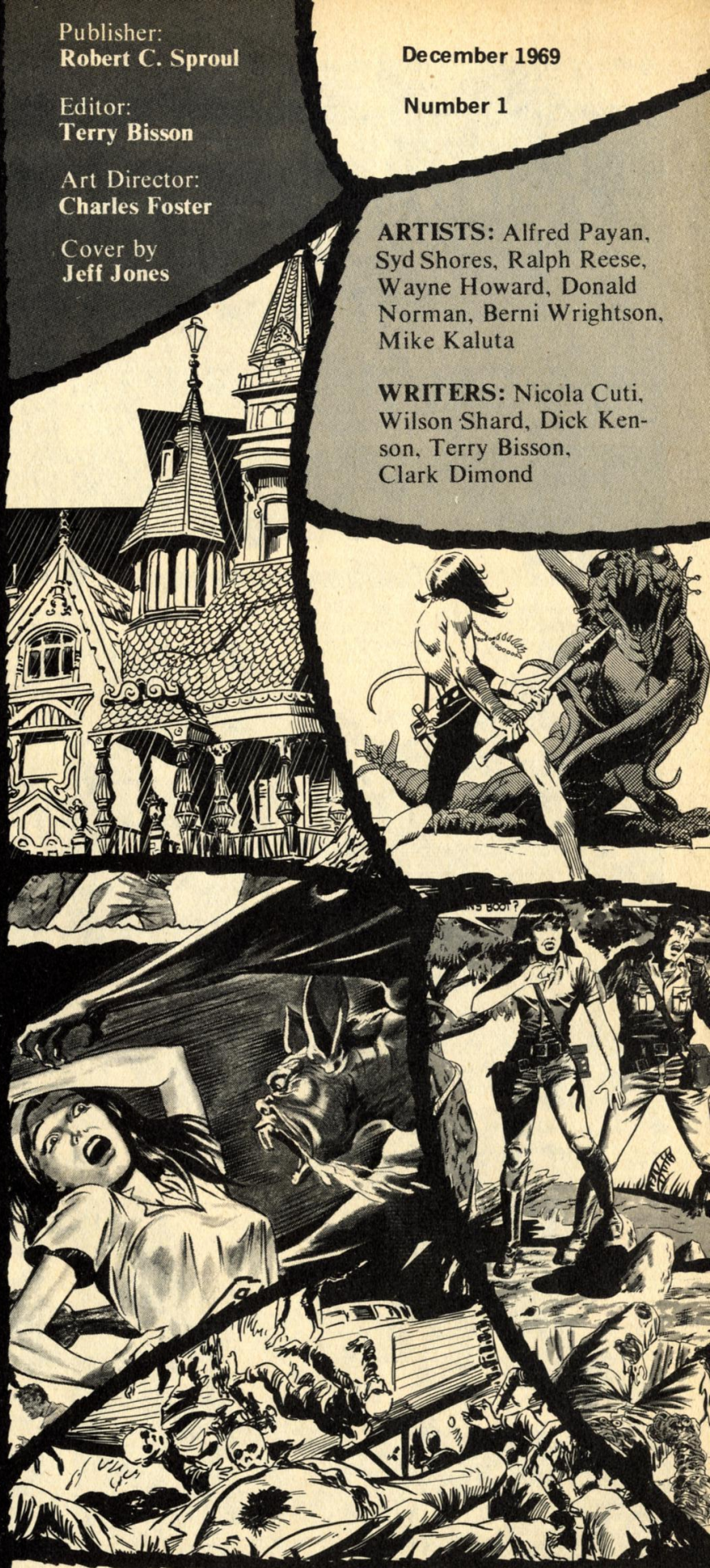


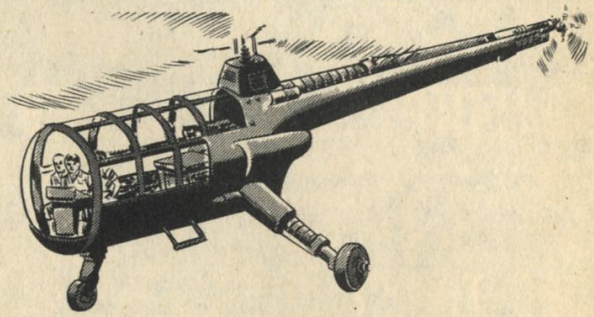
WEB OF HORROR is published bi-monthly by Major Magazines, Inc., 1585 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copy, 35c; subscription, $2.10 for 6 issues. Not responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts or art, and all material must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1969. Application to mail at second class postage rate will be made at New York, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A.

GREETINGS, MENACE-MONGERS! HERE'S YOUR HAUNTED HOST, THE WEBSTER, WITH A CHILLING TALE OF A MAN WHO BECAME A WORLD UNTO HIMSELF! IT'S A STORY THAT STARTS WITH A BANG... A STORY OF:

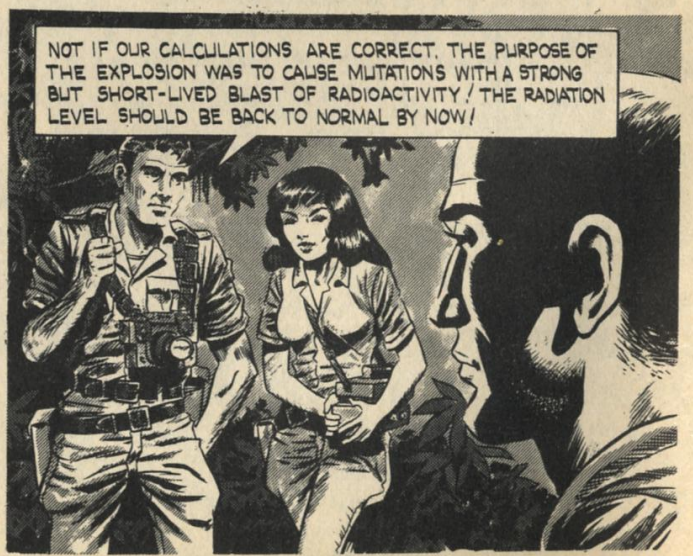
GROWTH!

LATE SUMMER, 1969. A SMALL, CONTROLLED NUCLEAR DEVICE IS TESTED IN A REMOTE AREA OF THE PACIFIC. ONLY ONE TINY PIECE OF LAND SUFFERS THE HEAT AND HURRICANE OF THE HOLOCAUST — UNDER THE UGLY MUSHROOM CLOUD, "CAUTION ISLAND" SHUDDERS IN HORROR AND DREAD...

SEVERAL YEARS LATER, "CAUTION ISLAND" IS PEACEFUL ONCE AGAIN, TRYING TO FORGET. THE BIRDS VISIT AGAIN TO FISH AND BUILD THEIR HOMES, BUT ONE SET OF VISITORS COMES NOT TO HUNT OR TO LIVE, BUT TO OBSERVE THE HANGOVER FROM THE NUCLEAR NIGHTMARE...



THREE SCIENTISTS COME TO PROBE WITH THEIR EXTENDED SENSES AND TO RECORD THE CHANGES IN THE PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE. THEY ARE LED BY FREE TAYLOR, A PLANT BIOLOGIST, AND THE YOUNGEST MAN EVER TO RECEIVE THE WYATT AWARD FOR GENETIC RESEARCH...



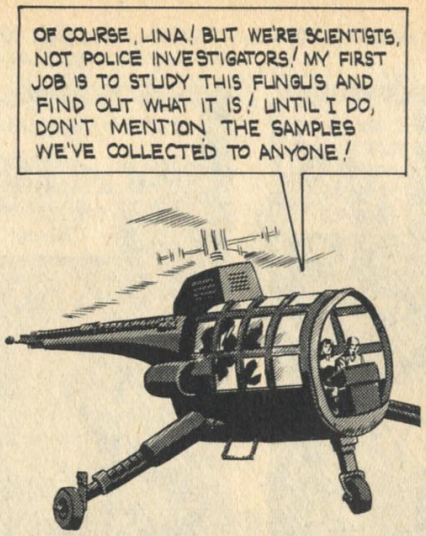
art: WAYNE HOWARD script: NICOLA CUTI

FREE AND LINA COMB THE INTERIOR OF THE TINY ISLAND, UNTIL THEY FIND A STRANGE SPECIMEN...

AS THEY HEAD BACK TO THE HELICOPTER TO MEET COLIN, THEY HEAR A STRANGE, ANIMAL MOAN, THEN AN EXPLOSION...

THE SOUND LEADS THEM TO "POINT ZERO" ON THE BEACH WHERE THE TOWER THAT HELD THE BOMB ONCE STOOD...

HEADING BACK TO CIVILIZATION, FREE SEEMS STRANGELY EXCITED, ALMOST EAGER...



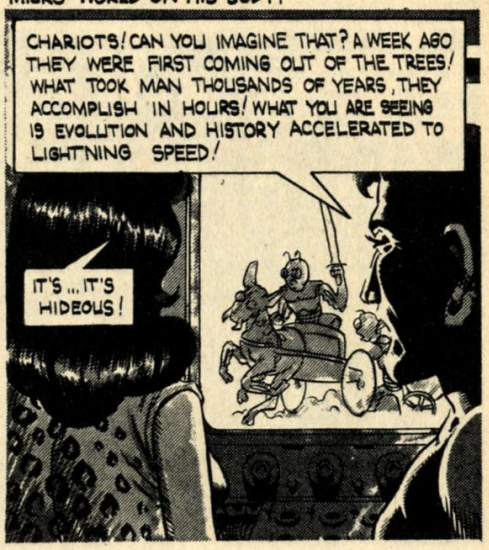
BACK IN THE STATES, FREE DISAPPEARS FOR A WEEK. LINA'S ATTEMPTS TO CONTACT HIM ARE IN VAIN, UNTIL ONE NIGHT HE APPEARS AT HER DOOR...

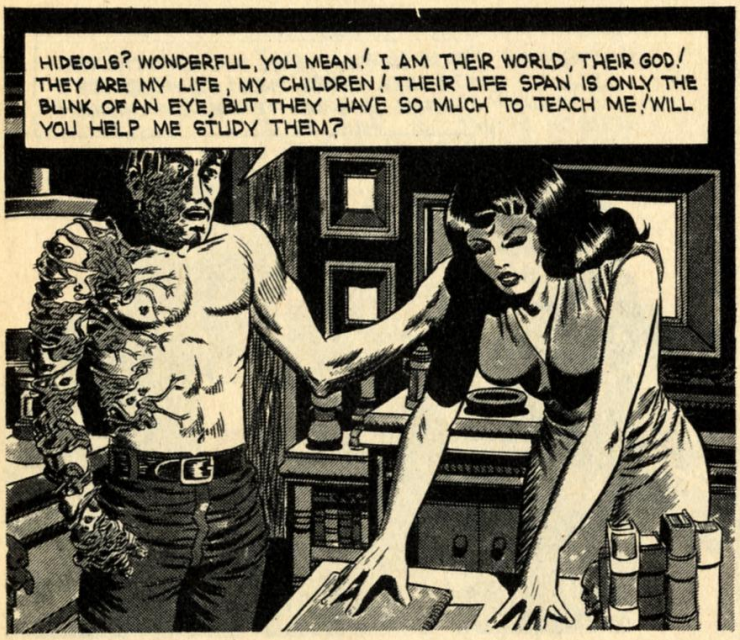
THAT NIGHT, FREE'S EYES GLITTER WILDLY, ALMOST MADLY, AS HE POURS OUT HIS SECRET TO LINA...

SLOWLY MOVING INTO THE LIGHT, FREE REVEALS HIS HIDEOUS SECRET...

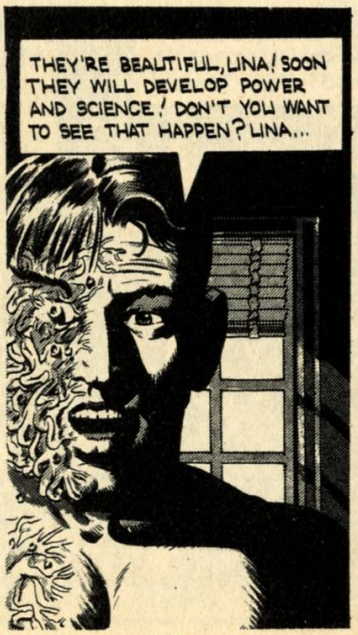
IN SPITE OF HER HORROR, LINA IS FASCINATED BY THE WEIRD CHANGE THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE IN HER COLLEAGUE...

FREE STEPS IN FRONT OF THE ELECTRONICALLY-BOOSTED MAGNIFIER WHICH REVEALS A STRANGE MICRO-WORLD ON HIS BODY!





OVERCOME BY DISGUST AND HORROR AT WHAT HAPPENED TO FREE, LINA FLEES...

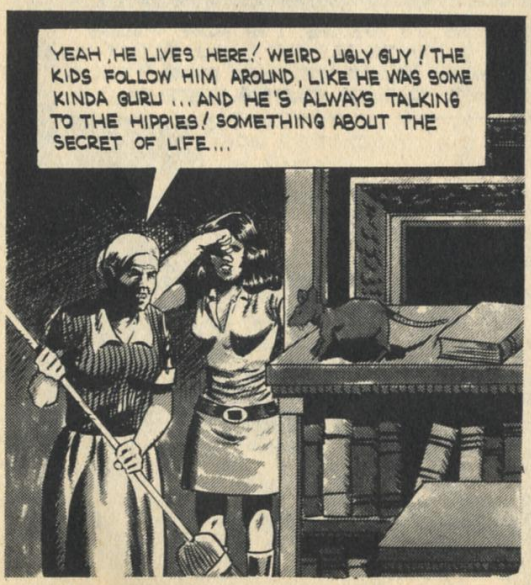


...LEAVING FREE ALONE WITH HIS MICRO-WORLD!

FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, LINA REFUSES TO SEE FREE, THOUGH SHE KEEPS HIS DISCOVERY A SECRET. BUT EVENTUALLY HER WORRY--AND HER CURIOSITY--GETS THE BETTER OF HER...

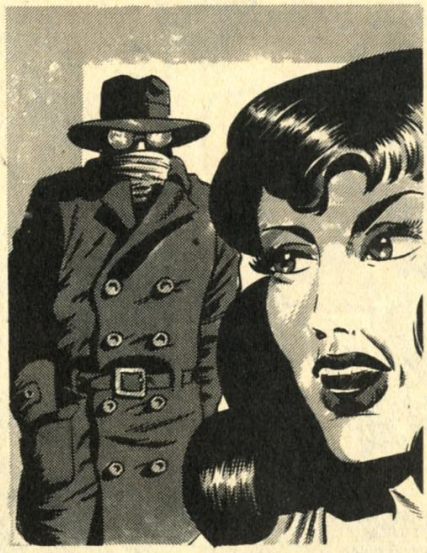
HER WORRY GROWS AS SHE TRACES HIM TO A CHEAP HOTEL ON NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE...

THE TRAIL ENDS IN A DAMP SLUM TENEMENT FILLED WITH HUMAN DERELICTS...



DRIVEN BY FEAR, LINA SEARCHES THE AISLES OF THE SUPERMARKET UNTIL SHE HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE

THE MAN SHE SEES IS STRANGE TO HER.... WRAPPED IN HEAVY CLOTHES TO CONCEAL THE HORROR THAT HAS CREPT OVER HIM...



SUDDENLY A BLINDING EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE SUPERMARKET...A NIGHTMARE IN MINIATURE...

ANOTHER ISLAND SUFFERS THE HELLFIRES OF SCIENCE. THIS ISLAND WAS A MAN, A MAN CALLED FREE TAYLOR. PERHAPS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IS THE INEVITABLE END OF ALL CIVILIZATIONS, LARGE AND SMALL, AS THEY PASS FROM ASHES TO ASHES ... HOLOCAUST TO HOLOCAUST...

art: SYD SHORES script: TERRY BISSON

"ARMED GUARD! THEY'RE MAKING IT HARDER AND HARDER FOR YOU, CHARLES..."
JUST ONE! I CAN GET HIM FROM BEHIND!
BLOOD BANK
SORRY, PAL! I HOPE THIS WON'T CAUSE ANYTHING WORSE THAN A TEMPORARY HEADACHE!
"BLOOD! BLOOD! THE PRECIOUS FLUID OF LIFE! TAKE ALL YOU CAN CARRY, CHARLES -- YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!"
WHEEEEEE!!!
A BURGLAR ALARM! GOT TO HURRY!
THERE HE IS-- THE VAMPIRE!
STOP! OR I'LL SHOOT!
NO!--I...
"SHOOT TO KILL, CHARLES! YOU HAVE TO! IT'S YOU OR THEM -- ISN'T IT?"
AAARRRGGHLE!
NOMINE TE DEUM...
OH MY GOD! I'VE KILLED A MAN!
BLAM!
BLAM!
HE THINKS HE CAN STOP ME WITH THAT CRUCIFIX! HE THINKS I'M THE VAMPIRE!
BLOOD BANK

"THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO THEY CHARLES? THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND THE TERRIBLE NEED THAT DRIVES YOU..."
MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT! MAYBE I AM A VAMPIRE, NOW THAT I'VE KILLED -- FOR BLOOD!
"THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S NOT YOU THAT'S THE VAMPIRE -- IT'S YOUR BELOVED..
ELIZABETH! IT'S ME, DARLING!
HURRY, CHARLES! IT'S ALMOST TOO LATE! I CAN FEEL IT HAPPENING...
OH, MY DARLING! I HURRIED AS FAST AS I COULD! ALL THE BLOOD BANKS ARE GUARDED NOW, AND I ONLY GOT TWO BOTTLES --
IT'S COLD, BUT GOOD... I'M FEELING BETTER NOW...
"THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER CHARLES -- FOR A FEW HOURS ANYWAY... THE LUST FOR BLOOD THAT TRANSFORMS YOUR BRIDE INTO A MONSTER HAS BEEN SATISFIED AGAIN!"
I HAD TO KILL A MAN! THE FINAL HORROR I WANTED TO AVOID! OH ELIZABETH, WHERE WILL IT ALL END? HOW MUCH LONGER CAN WE GO ON LIKE THIS --- NIGHT AFTER NIGHT?
MY POOR DARLING! YOU SUFFER SO MUCH FOR ME! BUT I'M BETTER NOW...
NOW I CAN SLEEP...
YES, REST, MY LOVE -- FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN ... I MUST THINK!

"THINK, CHARLES MASON, OF THE DAYS BEFORE THE NIGHTMARE BEGAN-- WHEN YOU WERE A PROMISING YOUNG SCIENTIST WHO JUST HAPPENED TO FALL IN LOVE WITH HIS ASSISTANT..."
"AND THINK OF THE HONEYMOON IN THE JUNGLES OF YUCATAN, EXPLORING THE ANCIENT RUINS-- YOU WERE SO YOUNG, SO IN LOVE--
THIS ENTIRE CITY WAS BUILT IN HONOR OF THE GIANT BAT-GOD XTALMYN--A MYTHICAL CREATURE VERY MUCH LIKE THE LEGENDARY VAMPIRES OF EASTERN EUROPE!
FASCINATING-- AND BEAUTIFUL!
"YES, CHARLES, THE WHOLE WORLD WAS BEFORE YOU LAST SUMMER...UNTIL...
CHARLES, GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS DOOR! WAIT! IT'S OPENING NOW--
AAAAIIIIEEEEE!!
THOSE MARKS! AND SHE'S SO PALE! IT'S DRAINED HER BLOOD! SO THE VAMPIRE-GOD IS--REAL!

"YOU FOUND OUT JUST HOW REAL THE NEXT DAY, WHEN YOU DISCOVERED THAT YOUR BELOVED ELIZABETH COULD NO LONGER STAND SUNLIGHT, OR FOOD...

DARKNESS! I MUST HAVE DARKNESS! PLEASE, CHARLES, TAKE ME AWAY SOMEWHERE...

WE'RE HEADING BACK TO THE STATES, LOVE! I'LL FIND A CURE FOR YOU! I SWEAR IT!

"AND THEN YOU DISCOVERED THAT SHE COULD ONLY GO FOR A FEW HOURS WITHOUT--

BLOOD! BLOOD!

ELIZABETH, NO! THE POOR DEVIL! WE HAVE TO MAKE IT ACROSS THE BORDER BEFORE THEY FIND THE BODY!

AAARRGHH!

"EVER SINCE THAT NIGHT, YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING, CHARLES! RACING TO CURE HER BEFORE SHE KILLS AGAIN!"

I MUST KEEP HER SUPPLIED WITH BLOOD! HER WHOLE BODY CHEMISTRY IS CHANGED! SHE BURNS IT LIKE FOOD-- IT GOES DIRECTLY INTO HER VEINS WHEN SHE DRINKS IT, AND IT MUST BE REPLENISHED EVERY FEW HOURS -- BUT HOW?

"YOU HID OUT IN THE CITY-- THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU COULD GET BLOOD WITHOUT KILLING...

HOLD STILL AND NOBODY GETS HURT!

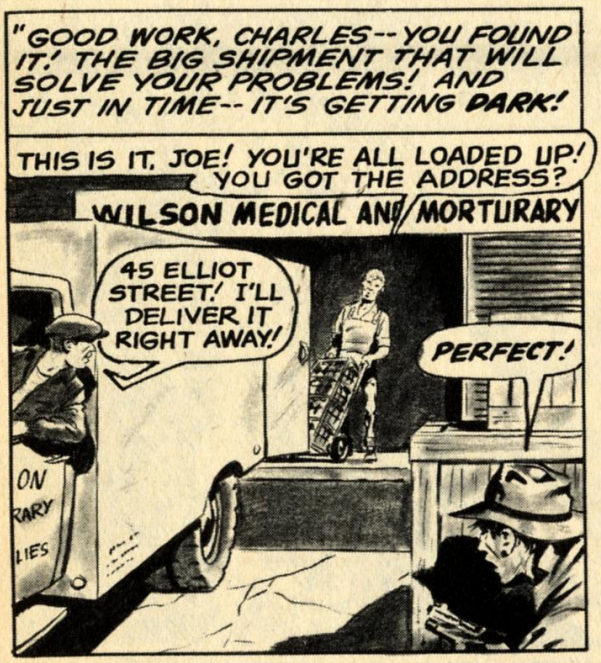
BUT WE HAVE NO MONEY, JUST--

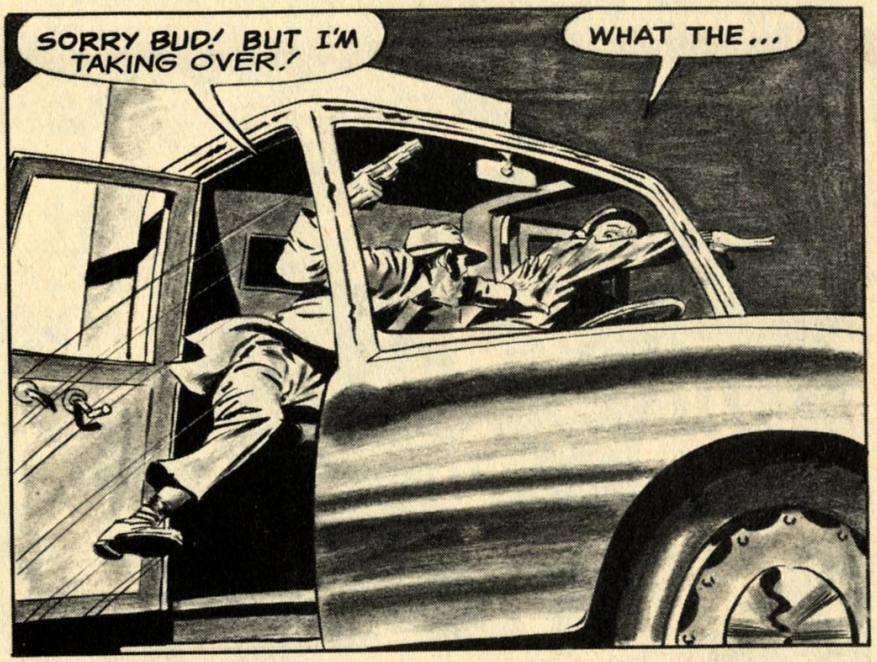
BLOOD TYPE

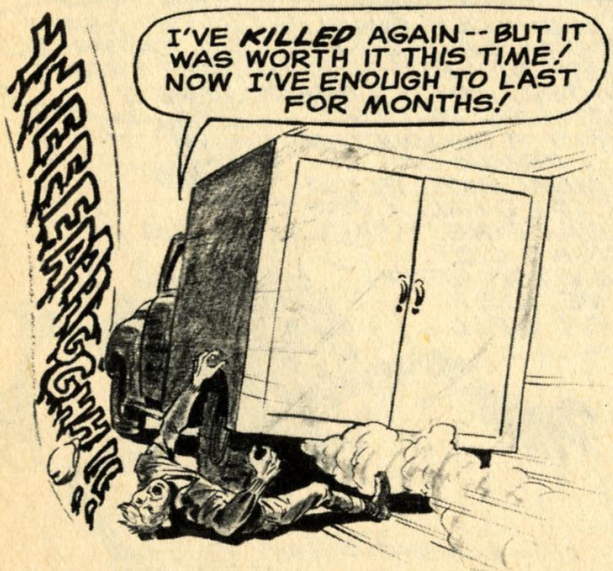
UNTIL TONIGHT!

THERE MUST BE A BETTER WAY! I'VE GOT TO BUILD UP A SUPPLY TO LAST HER UNTIL I CAN FIND A CURE! I'VE GOT TO PULL ONE LAST JOB! A BIG ONE!

"NO TIME FOR SLEEP, CHARLES! YOU MUST SPEND THE DAY PLANNING YOUR BIG JOB-- YOUR LAST JOB! THE ONE THAT WILL GIVE YOU THE TIME TO SAVE YOUR PRECIOUS ELIZABETH!"







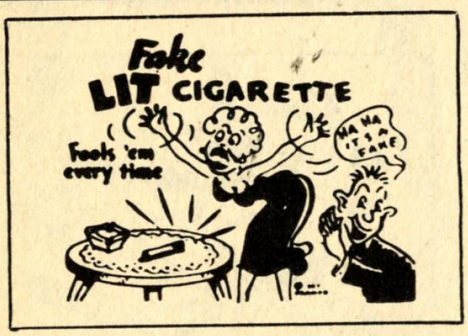
NO ONE WILL EVER FIND YOU, CHARLES -- NOW YOU'LL HAVE THE TIME TO WORK ON THAT CURE!
WHERE ARE WE CHARLES? I FEEL STRANGE-- I NEED...
ARE YOU AWAKE, DARLING? WE'RE SAFE NOW! WE HAVE A WHOLE TRUCK FULL OF BLOOD! JUST REACH OUT AND TAKE A BOTTLE!
OH, I SEE-- GLUG, GLUG...
TAKE ALL YOU NEED, DEAR! OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
HERE WE ARE, MY LOVE! ARE YOU SLEEPING AGAIN?
ELIZABETH? ELIZABETH! WHAT'S WRONG!
OH MY GOD! WHEN SHE DRANK IT, IT WENT DIRECTLY INTO HER VEINS! IT WAS TOO DARK FOR HER TO SEE--
--THAT I'D STOLEN THE WRONG TRUCK!
EMBALMING FLUID FAST ACTING NATURAL COLOR
TOUGH LUCK, CHARLES! BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL SAVE ON FUNERAL EXPENSES! THEY SAY BLOOD'S THICKER THAN WATER, BUT I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING THICKER THAN A GOOD STIFF DRINK OF EMBALMING FLUID-- ESPECIALLY FOR A VAMPIRE! RIGHT, LIZ? CAN YOU HEAR ME, LIZ? OH, WELL...
END

The TRANSYLVANIAN GRAB BAG!

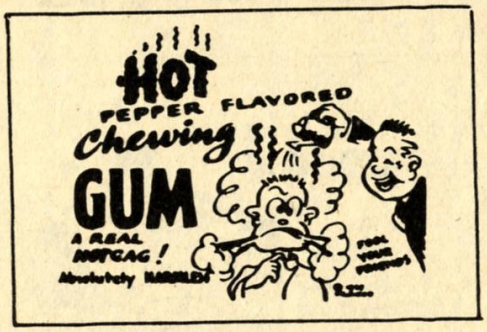
FOOL YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. BE A MONSTER! PICK ANY AND AS MANY OF THESE GREAT, LAUGH-PACKED NOVELTY ITEMS AS YOU WANT! ONLY 50¢ EACH.

SPECIAL, GIANT OFFER — BUY 4 — GET ONE FREE!

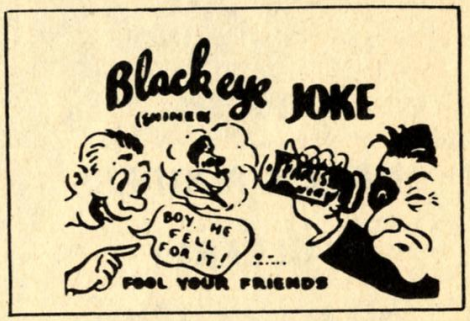
PICK ANY 5 FOR ONLY $2.00 AND GET ONE FREE!



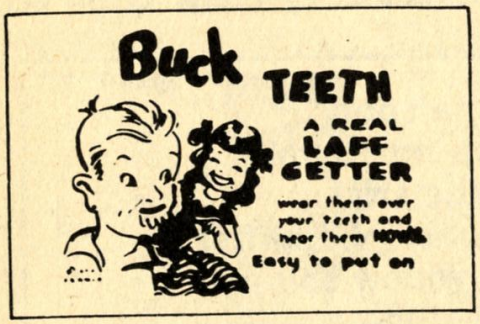
FAKE LIT CIGARETTE



HOT PEPPER GUM

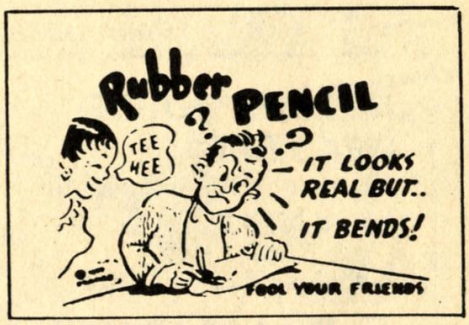


BLACK-EYE JOKE

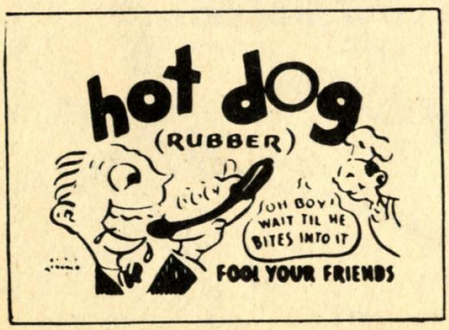


BIG BUCK TEETH

JUMPING CANDY SNAKE

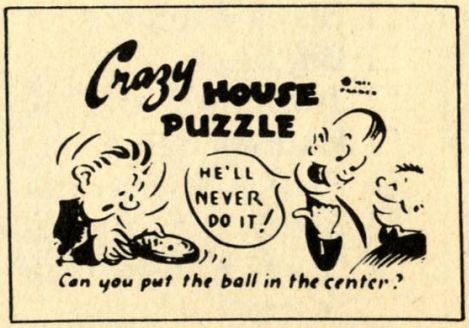


RUBBER PENCIL



REAL RUBBER FRANKFURTER

BLACK SOAP PERFUME

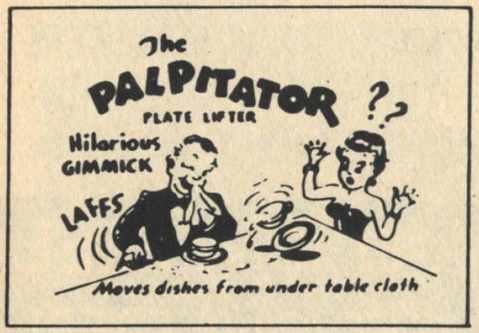


CRAZY HOUSE PUZZLE

FLY ON A SPOON

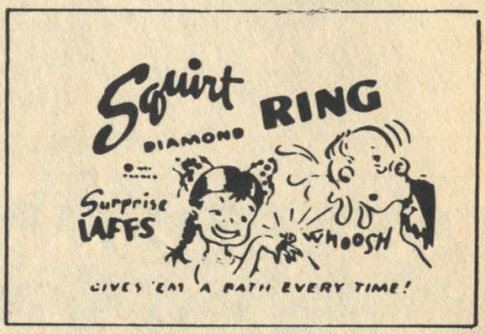
FRENCH MUSTACHE

JAKE THE SNAKE



PALPITATOR PLATE LIFTER

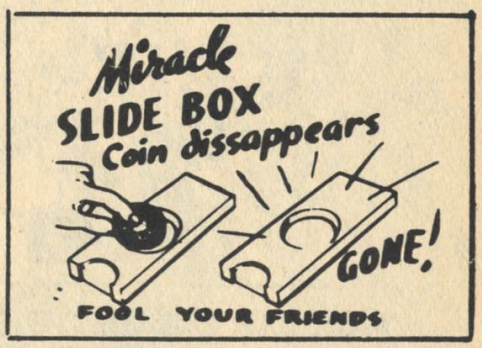
BLACK WIDOW SPIDER



SQUIRT RING

PRINT
NAME & ADDRESS
CLEARLY
ON ALL COUPONS.

TANTALIZING SPOON



MIRACLE COIN SLIDE BOX

HORROR HOUSE GRAB BAG
108 South Franklin Avenue
Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580

I enclose $..... for

- ☐ Fake lit cigarette
- ☐ Hot pepper gum
- ☐ Black-eye joke
- ☐ Big buck teeth
- ☐ Jumping candy snake
- ☐ Rubber pencil
- ☐ Real rubber frankfurter
- ☐ Black soap perfume
- ☐ Crazy house puzzle

NO C.O.D. ORDERS PLEASE

- ☐ Fly on a spoon
- ☐ French mustache
- ☐ Jake the snake
- ☐ Palpitator plate lifter
- ☐ Black widow spider
- ☐ Squirt ring
- ☐ Tantalizing spoon
- ☐ Miracle coin slide box

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE..... ZIP.....

Outside U.S. & Canada, please add additional $.25 postage per item.

art: BERNI WRIGHTSON script: DICK KENSON

YES! I BELIEVE YOU CARRY YOUR OWN LINE OF ORIGINAL GAMES!
UNCOPYRIGHTED ORIGINAL GAMES! THIS GUY IS GOING TO MAKE ME RICH!
PERHAPS MY LATEST CREATION WOULD INTEREST YOU. IT'S THE MOST UNIQUE OF ALL! I CALL IT 'PREDESTINATION: THE GAME OF FATE'!
THE GAME INVENTOR'S EYES ARE BROODING — DARK WITH ANCIENT MYSTERIES...
I THINK YOU WILL FIND IT PARTICULARLY INTRIGUING! IT WILL INVOLVE YOU TO A DEGREE YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE IN A GAME!
I SHOULD REMEMBER HIS PITCH! IT'LL COME IN HANDY WHEN I START PEDDLING THIS ONE TO THE COMPANIES!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SELL ME ON YOUR GAMES! I BOUGHT A COPY OF YOUR LAST ONE!
I HAVE TO WARN YOU! YOU MUST PAY QUITE A PRICE FOR THIS ONE!
NONSENSE! IT'S WELL WORTH IT, WHATEVER THE COST!
VERY WELL, THEN! THIS ONE SELLS FOR FIFTY DOLLARS!
I'LL TAKE IT!
BUT, AS THE GAME THIEF LEAVES THE STORE IN TRIUMPH...
PREDESTINATION
HE THINKS I HARBOR NO SUSPICIONS! I KNOW FULL WELL HE SOLD MY LAST GAME TO WILSON BROS. AS HIS OWN!
A YEAR AGO, I OFFERED IT TO THEM AND THEY REJECTED IT! BRILLIANTLY CONCEIVED BUT UNSALABLE, THEY SAID! MUCH TOO WEIRD!
NOW, IT SEEMS THE CLIMATE IS DIFFERENT! TIMES HAVE CHANGED! AND I AM SUPPOSED TO SUFFER FOR REFUSING TO CHANGE WITH THEM!
BUT, NO ONE CAN STEAL ONE OF MY GAMES AND GET AWAY WITH IT! NO ONE!
LITTLE DOES THE PAWN REALIZE THAT HE IS BUT A PIECE IN A MUCH LARGER GAME!

LIKE A CHILD WITH A NEW TOY, QUENTIN STERN, GAME THIEF, RUSHES TO HIS APARTMENT, HIS MIND SEETHING WITH CURIOSITY ABOUT THE PRIZE UNDER HIS ARM!
I HOPE THIS GAME IS AS GOOD AS ALL HIS OTHERS! IF IT IS, I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WITH IT!
FEVERISH HANDS TREMBLE WITH ANTICIPATION AS HE TEARS THE WRAPPING PAPER TO REVEAL...
PREDEST
A GAME OF FAT
ALL HIS GAMES ARE A LITTLE WEIRD, BUT THAT'S WHAT SELLS TODAY! WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH IT?
QUENTIN STERN PAUSES A MOMENT, SAVORING EACH SECOND OF EXPECTATION LIKE FINE WINE! LIFTING THE COVER, HE REMOVES THE GAME BOARD! A STRANGE GLOW EMANATES FROM ITS UNUSUALLY TEXTURED SURFACE, BATHING HIS FACE IN AN EERIE LIGHT!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BOARD ...SUCH STRANGE DESIGNS! IT FEELS FLAT YET APPEARS TO HAVE DEPTH AND DIMENSION.
QUICKLY, HE ASSEMBLES THE PIECES IN FRONT OF HIM
QUITE A COMPLEX SET-UP...HOPE IT'S NOT TOO COSTLY TO MANUFACTURE!
UGH! GUESS I'M SUPPOSED TO USE THIS HIDEOUS MARKER! MY OPPONENT...WAIT...
ON THE OUTSIDE,
THE INSIDE THEN
ENCE BEFORE UND
TO WHICH YOU P
AROUND THE BOA
N THE SAME PLAC
IT SAYS THERE'S NO OPPONENT! YOU PLAY AGAINST THE GAME! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HOW CAN THE GAME PLAY AGAINST ME? IT HAS NO WILL OF ITS OWN!
THE MARKER IS PLACED ON THE START! THE FIRST CARD IS TURNED! QUENTIN'S HAND HESITATES! THE PIECE IS MOVED! THE WEIRD COLORS OF THE BOARD SPARKLE, SCINTILLATE, ENTICE HIS EYES! HIS HANDS REACH FOR THE DECKS! CARDS FLASH! FINGERS GRASP PRINTED INSTRUCTIONS! SEARCHING EYES RECEIVE THEIR ORDERS! THE MARKER ADVANCES!
THE BOARD IS ALIVE WITH COLOR AND LIGHT...SHINING, SHIMMERING, SWIRLING! THE SPACES CALL TO HIM, LURE HIM ON AND ON, DEEPER AND DEEPER, DOWN INTO THE SPINNING PINWHEEL DEPTHS OF THE GAME!
YOU CANNOT TAKE YOUR EYES OFF THE BOARD
BEGIN THE FINAL DESCE

HIS VISION BLURS, HIS MIND REELS, REALITY RUNS FAR, FAR AWAY! HE FEELS HIMSELF FALLING THROUGH A VOID, TOWARD A BOTTOM THAT NEVER COMES! AND THEN IT STOPS... QUENTIN FEELS HIMSELF STANDING ON SOLID GROUND! HE WONDERS IF HE DARES OPEN HIS EYES! SLOWLY, FEARFULLY HIS EYELIDS OPEN TO REVEAL ... A NIGHTMARE WORLD, WHERE STRANGE CREATURES LEER FROM THE DARKNESS...

THIS ISN'T A GAME! IT'S A NIGHTMARE! NO! IT'S ALL...REAL!

BREATHING THE DANK AIR, HEAVY WITH EVIL, HE REALIZES...

I'M HOLDING THE SWORD, AND I'M ON THE GAME BOARD! BUT HOW DID I GET HERE? I CAN'T... THINK... ALL I REMEMBER IS THAT LAST CARD

WHAT IS THAT?

IF OUT IS WHERE YOU'D LIKE TO BE THE MAGIC NUMBER FOR YOU IS THREE!

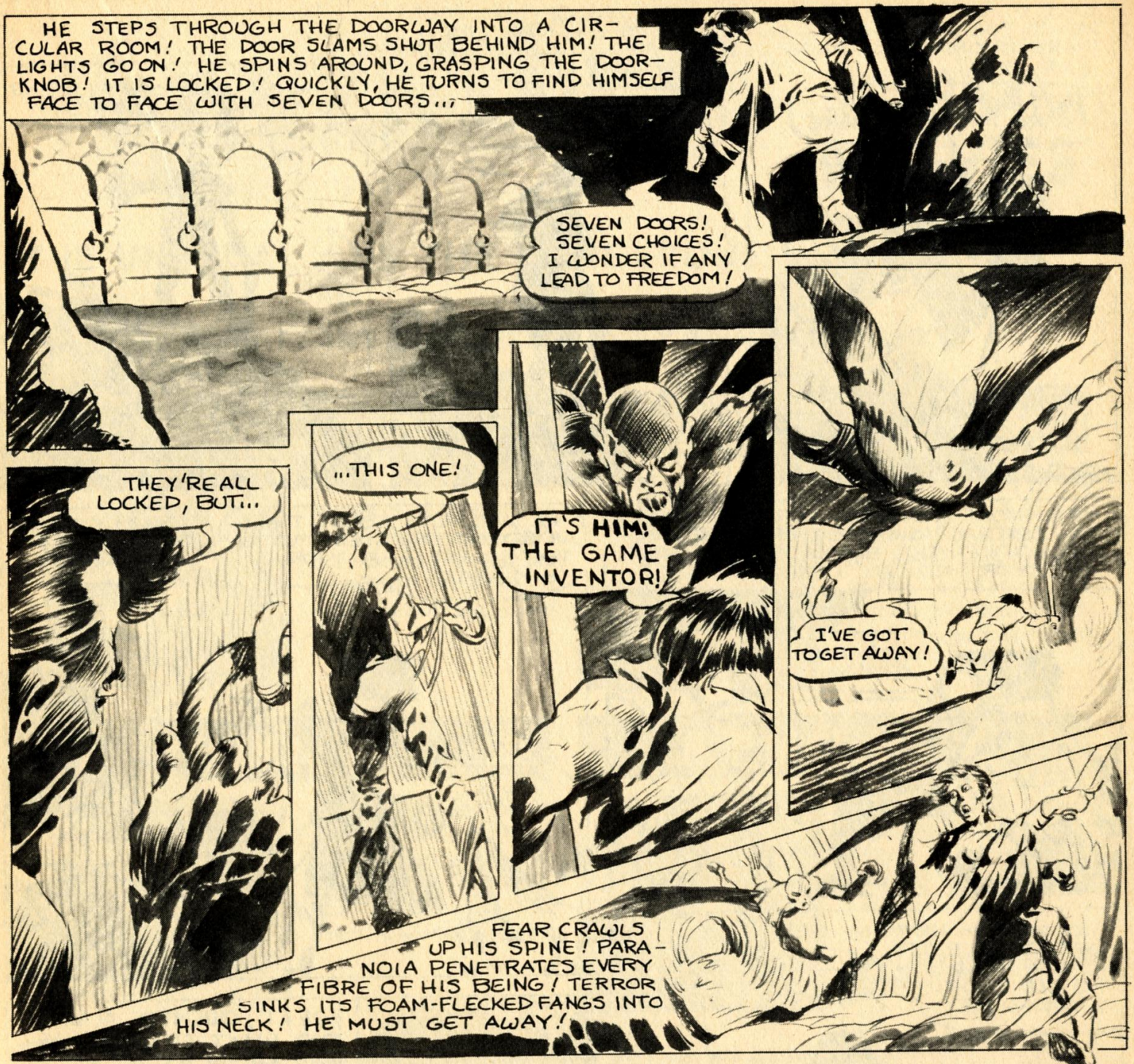
THREE! I'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE START AND FIND THE SPACE!

THIS IS IT!

IT APPEARS I'M SUPPOSED TO STAND ON THIS STONE... ...WELL...

...HERE GOES!

THE SPACE BENEATH HIS FEET GIVES WAY! WITH A SICKENING LURCH, QUENTIN STERN DROPS INTO A PIT! UNABLE TO STOP HIMSELF, HE BEGINS A RIDE TOWARD MADNESS AND TERROR!


HE STEPS THROUGH THE DOORWAY INTO A CIRCULAR ROOM! THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND HIM! THE LIGHTS GO ON! HE SPINS AROUND, GRASPING THE DOORKNOB! IT IS LOCKED! QUICKLY, HE TURNS TO FIND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH SEVEN DOORS...
SEVEN DOORS! SEVEN CHOICES! I WONDER IF ANY LEAD TO FREEDOM!
THEY'RE ALL LOCKED, BUT...
...THIS ONE!
IT'S HIM! THE GAME INVENTOR!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!
FEAR CRAWLS UP HIS SPINE! PARANOIA PENETRATES EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BEING! TERROR SINKS ITS FOAM-FLECKED FANGS INTO HIS NECK! HE MUST GET AWAY!

HE RUNS...RUNS UNTIL HIS LIMBS GROW NUMB...TILL HIS VEINS FEEL LIKE THEY'RE BURSTING FROM THE STRAIN... UNTIL HE KNOWS HE CAN RUN NO MORE...

AND HE IS TRAPPED!!

WAS IT ALL A DREAM? SUDDENLY, THE PAIN IS GONE, AND THERE IS ONLY A SWIRLING RED MIST...
HE'S GONE! AND THE BOARD IS GONE! WHERE AM I?
A FEELING OF DIZZYNESS SWEEPS OVER HIM, AS IF HIS MIND IS SLOWLY DRIFTING AWAY
EVERYTHING'S IN A CLOUD... I CAN'T SEE!
THERE! THE FOG IS LIFTING! THOSE FACES... COMING NEARER!
THE FACES APPROACH VERY SLOWLY, FOR IT IS SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE THE JANITOR NOTICES THE BLOOD SEEPING UNDER THE DOOR AND CALLS THE POLICE...
THAT'S HIM, ALRIGHT! GOOD LORD! WHAT A MESS!
GRUESOME! BETTER CALL THE MORGUE, JOE!
HE WAS NUTS ABOUT THESE WEIRD GAMES... GUESS MAYBE THAT'S WHAT FINALLY DROVE HIM CRAZY!
CRAZY? MAYBE SO... DOES LOOK LIKE SUICIDE!
PREDE
THOUGH, HOW HE MANAGED TO SLICE OFF HIS OWN HEAD WITH THIS OLD SWORD IS BEYOND ME!
WELL, QUENTIN ALWAYS DID WANT TO GET A-HEAD! NOW DON'T MISS MY NEXT THROBBING THRILLER

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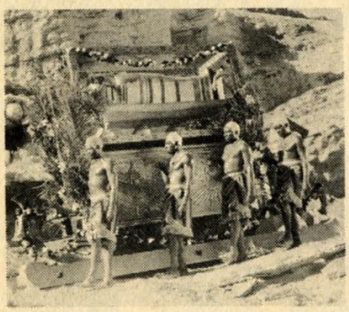

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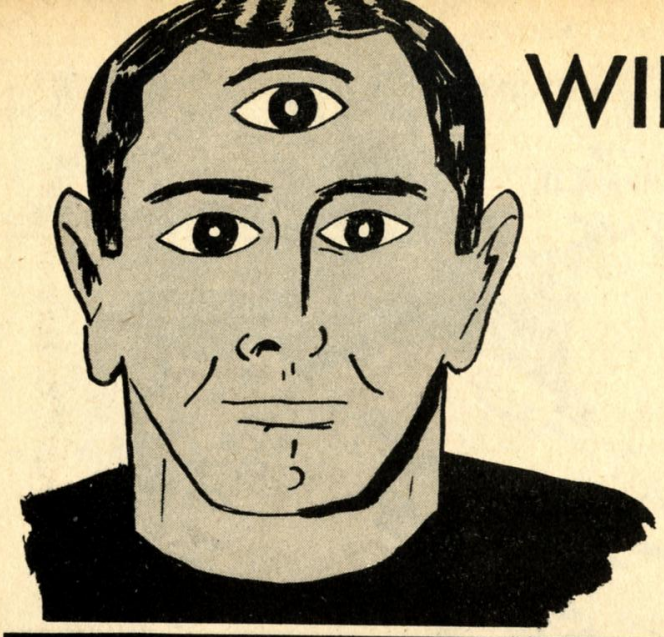

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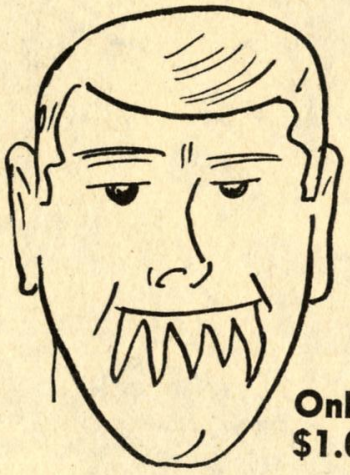

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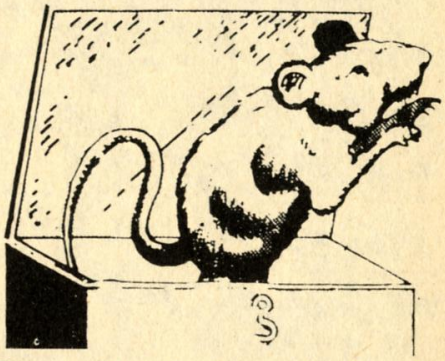

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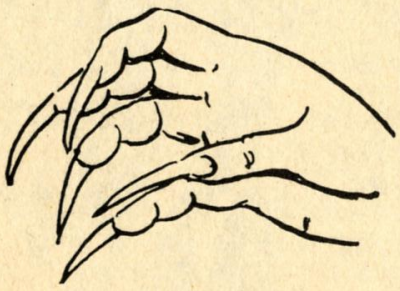

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EVERY MORNING FOR ELEVEN YEARS DURWARD TRENT HAS STUDIED THE SAME UNOPENED LETTER THAT LIES ON HIS DESK! HE PICKS IT UP AT 9:00 EACH DAY! BY 9:15 HE IS USUALLY ENGROSSED IN HIS WORK, EDITING A LINE OF HORROR MAGAZINES! BUT IT IS NOW 11:00 AND HE HAS NOT PUT THE LETTER DOWN! HIS EYES SCAN THE ENVELOPE FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME! HE KNOWS EVERY CREASE EVERY SMUDGE BY HEART! THE HANDWRITING ON THE ENVELOPE IS AS FAMILIAR TO HIM AS HIS OWN!
COUNTLESS TIMES HE HAS TRIED TO IMAGINE WHAT THE HOUSE AT THE RETURN ADDRESS LOOKS LIKE! HIS CURIOSITY HAS BECOME ALL-CONSUMING! HE HAS TO KNOW WHAT'S WRITTEN IN THE...
DEAD LETTER
NORMAK
BUT I CAN'T OPEN IT... I JUST CAN'T! HE MUST HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR INDICATING THAT IT IS TO BE OPENED ONLY IN THE EVENT OF HIS DEATH! HE HAS ENTRUSTED THIS LETTER TO ME! I'VE GOT TO HONOR HIS CONFIDENCE!
SCREAM
To be opened only when I am dead!
AUG 1
BUT IT IS THE FIRST OF THE MONTH. AND THERE WERE NO SCRIPTS IN THE MORNING MAIL! FOR ELEVEN YEARS HE'S NEVER MISSED A DEADLINE! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM! I KNOW IT! I FEEL IT!
HAVE YOU GOT THE SCRIPTS, DURWARD? I'VE GOT TO PENCIL AND INK FORTY PAGES BY THE FIFTEENTH! THE SCHEDULE'S TOO TIGHT AS IT IS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE A DAY!
I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE MORE THAN A DAY! HE'S NEVER BEEN LATE BEFORE! NOT EVEN ONCE! DON XENIK HAS ALWAYS GOTTEN ALL OUR SCRIPTS IN ON TIME!
XENIK IS LATE? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHY DON'T YOU CALL HIM AND SEE WHAT'S CAUSING THE DELAY?
HE DOESN'T HAVE A PHONE! I'VE NEVER EVEN TALKED TO HIM!
WE'VE ALWAYS WORKED SOLELY BY MAIL! I'VE NEVER MET HIM! HE SENT ME SEVERAL SCRIPTS YEARS AGO, AND YOU KNOW WHAT OUR CIRCULATION WAS LIKE BACK THEN! AND NOW WE'RE NUMBER ONE! IT WAS HIS SCRIPTS THAT DID IT! NOT ONE OF HIS MANUSCRIPTS HAS EVER NEEDED ANY CHANGES. THAT'S WHY WE COULD WORK SO WELL THROUGH THE MAIL!
YOU'VE GOT HIS ADDRESS IN CONNECTICUT. LET'S PAY HIM A VISIT! I'M KINDA CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT MR. XENIK IS LIKE!
I'VE GOT MY CAR OUTSIDE! IT'S 11:15 NOW! SHOULDN'T TAKE US MORE THAN A FEW HOURS TO GET THERE!

TWELVE HOURS LATER...A BELLIGERENT STORM IS THROWING A VIOLENT TANTRUM! HEADLIGHTS STRAIN TO PENETRATE THE BLACK, WATERY VEIL OF NIGHT! INSIDE THE CAR TWO WEARY FIGURES SEARCH FOR THEIR UNKNOWN DESTINATION...
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, DURWARD, AND YOU SAID WE'D BE THERE IN A FEW HOURS! BULLFEATHERS!
QUIT COMPLAINING! CAN I HELP IT IF HE LIVES IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?
SUDDENLY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING ENDS TWO HUNDRED YEARS GROWTH IN A SPLIT SECOND! WITH AN EAR-SHATTERING CRACK A MIGHTY OAK CRASHES TO EARTH!
LOOK!
CRASH
TRENT AND REESE RUSH TO THE DISABLED CAR AND DISCOVER IT'S CONTENTS TO BE A THING OF BEAUTY!
UNHH...OH...MY HEAD ...WHO...ARE YOU?
I'M DURWARD TRENT AND THIS IS DAN REESE! WE HAPPENED TO BE BEHIND YOUR CAR WHEN THE TREE FELL!
I GUESS I'M LUCKY YOU TWO CAME ALONG! THIS LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY DESERTED AREA!
THEN YOU'RE NOT FROM AROUND HERE?
NO. I'M CRIS XENIK! I'M HERE TO VISIT MY BROTHER, DON!
DON XENIK? WE'RE HERE TO VISIT HIM TOO! YOU CAN RIDE WITH US!
WHAT IS HE LIKE?
WHY? DON'T YOU KNOW?
NO! I'VE NEVER MET HIM!
AS THE CAR HURTLES THROUGH THE DARKNESS, THE GIRL UNFOLDS A STRANGE TALE...
YOU SEE, I'VE ALWAYS LIVED WITH MY FATHER! I NEVER KNEW MY MOTHER! FATHER HAS ALWAYS BEEN VERY SECRETIVE ABOUT MY EARLY CHILDHOOD! IT WASN'T UNTIL MY 21ST BIRTHDAY, A FEW DAYS AGO, THAT HE EVEN TOLD ME I HAD A BROTHER!
DON'S BEEN WORKING FOR US FOR 11 YEARS WRITING OUR MAGAZINES! NO ONE CAN CONCOCT A BETTER HORROR STORY THAN HE CAN!
THE CAR WINDS IT'S WAY THROUGH A DARK MAZE OF DIRT ROADS THROUGH THE UNRELENTING RAIN! EVERY-ONE HOPEFULLY ANTICIPATES A WARM, CHEERY WELCOME!
WELL, HERE WE ARE!
THIS IS IT?
NO WONDER HE CAN WRITE SUCH GOOD HORROR STORIES, DURWARD! THIS PLACE IS STRAIGHT OUT OF ONE OF HIS WEIRD TALES!

THE WEARY TRAVELLERS SLOG THROUGH THE MUD TO THE FRONT DOOR! THEIR CLOTHES ARE SOAKED THROUGH! THE NIGHT WIND CHILLS THEIR FLESH!
THERE'S NO ANSWER! ONLY ECHOES!
TRY THE DOOR!
IT'S OPEN! I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT IF WE GO IN!
SILENCE DOMINATES THE ANCIENT HOUSE! THERE IS ONLY THE GROANING OF THE TIMBERS IN THE WIND AS THEY ENTER...
DON! DON XENIK! ARE YOU HOME?
HE MUST BE HERE! THE CANDLES ARE BURNING! AND THERE'S AN UNFINISHED STORY IN HIS TYPEWRITER!
AND HERE'S A POT OF COFFEE THAT WAS BOILING ON THE STOVE! HE COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT ON MORE THAN TEN MINUTES AGO!
A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE MUSTY ROOMS REVEALS ONLY EMPTINESS! DON XENIK IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND!
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT WAIT! HE PROBABLY WENT OUT FOR SOMETHING! HE SHOULD BE BACK SOON!
AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT!? BESIDES, THERE AREN'T ANY HOUSES OR STORES FOR MILES AROUND HERE!
HE COULD HAVE TAKEN A CAR! THERE WASN'T ONE IN THE DRIVEWAY WHEN WE CAME UP HERE!
BUT WHY DID HE LEAVE SO SUDDENLY? WHY DIDN'T HE EVEN HAVE TIME TO TAKE THE COFFEE OFF THE STOVE? SOMETHING'S WRONG, TERRIBLY WRONG! I CAN FEEL IT!
NONSENSE! YOUR IMAGINATION IS RUNNING AWAY WITH YOU! CALM DOWN! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT! I PROMISE! WHAT WE NEED IS SOME FOOD! LET'S GO BACK DOWN TO THE KITCHEN!
CHRIS STARTS TO FOLLOW THE MEN TO THE KITCHEN, BUT A STRANGE NOISE STOPS HER...
THAT SOUND... LIKE FOOTSTEPS... COMING FROM ABOVE! BUT THIS IS THE TOP FLOOR! SOMEONE'S IN THE ATTIC! IT MUST BE DON! WHO ELSE COULD IT BE? BUT WHY WOULD HE BE IN THE ATTIC? I MUST GO AND SEE...
AS THE TWO MEN SEARCH FOR SOMETHING TO EAT, SUDDENLY A HIDEOUS SCREAM SPLITS THE SILENCE...
WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN'S SCREAM...
WHERE'S CHRIS!?
AAAAAAAAAA!
EEEE!

CALM DOWN! IT'S ALL RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! WHAT'S WRONG?
A MONSTER! I SAW IT! A MONSTER ...IN THE ATTIC! IT WAS HIDEOUS, HORRIBLE!
LET'S GO TAKE A LOOK!
THEY RUSH UP THE STAIRS, BUT INSTEAD OF THE STRANGE CREATURE THEY HAD EXPECTED, THEY FIND...
IT WASN'T A MONSTER AT ALL, CHRIS! IT WAS THIS OLD WOMAN! THE DARKNESS WAS PLAYING TRICKS ON YOU!
NO! I KNOW WHAT I SAW! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FORGET IT! IT WASN'T HER!
WHO IS SHE? WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE?
TRENT FINDS A FADED SNAPSHOT ON TOP OF AN OLD TRUNK, AND THE PIECES OF THE MYSTERY BEGIN TO FIT TOGETHER!
I THINK THIS EXPLAINS IT! LOOK!
THAT'S ME AS A LITTLE GIRL! AND...
AND NOTICE THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE AND THAT WOMAN OVER THERE!
THAT WOMAN IS YOUR MOTHER! AND LOOK AT HER EYES! SHE'S COMPLETELY MAD!
LET'S TAKE HER DOWNSTAIRS AND GIVE HER SOMETHING TO EAT! CHRIS, THIS SHOCK IS TOO MUCH TO TAKE! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP!
Y...YES! I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S A BEDROOM DOWNSTAIRS!
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, SHUFFLING, HESITANT FEET PAUSE OUTSIDE CHRIS' BEDROOM! A GNARLED, TWISTED HAND REACHES FOR THE DOORKNOB! SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN...
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! DON'T COME NEAR ME! DON'T, I...

AS THE UNEARTHLY CREATURE LURCHES TOWARD HER, CHRIS BACKS UP AGAINST THE ROTTED WINDOW, UNTIL...
CHRIS'S TERRIFIED SCREAM TEARS THROUGH THE DARKENED HOUSE...
THAT SCREAM! THAT WAS CHRIS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HER! MAYBE SHE **DID** SEE SOMETHING IN THE ATTIC!
I THINK WE'RE GONNA NEED THIS! LET'S GO! IT SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S OUTSIDE!
WE'RE TOO LATE! SHE'S DEAD! OH MY GOD! WHAT IS THAT THING! IT'S NOT **HUMAN**!
IT...IT'S HIDEOUS! DON'T LET IT GET AWAY! IT MUST HAVE KILLED DON, TOO!
IN THE HOUSE, THEY FIND A GHASTLY, MISSHAPEN **BEING** SLOWLY DESCENDING THE CREAKING STAIRS...
DON'T JUST STAND THERE! FIRE! **KILL IT**!
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!
CHOKING BACK HIS OWN DISGUST AND TERROR, TRENT GRABS THE GUN AND FIRES BOTH BARRELS...
THIS...THIS **THING** MUST HAVE KILLED DON!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE'LL ALERT THE POLICE AND LET **THEM** FIGURE IT OUT!

AFTER TALKING TO THE POLICE UNTIL DAWN, TRENT GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS OFFICE, STILL SHAKING FROM THE NIGHTMARE THAT HE HAS WITNESSED...

IN A WAY I'VE BEEN WAITING ELEVEN YEARS FOR THIS MOMENT! BUT NOW THAT IT'S HERE, I'M ONLY ANXIOUS TO GET IT OVER WITH!

GROAN

HOWL

TERROR

FEAR

DURWARD TRENT STARES AT THE ENVELOPE FOR THE LAST TIME! HE SAYS A SILENT GOODBYE TO THE FAMILIAR FOLDS AND CREASES... AND TO THE MAN WHO SENT IT!

DON XENIK MADE THIS PUBLISHING HOUSE WHAT IT IS TODAY! I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE WITHOUT HIM!

TREMBLING FINGERS, ANXIOUS TO REMOVE THE LONG-SECRET CONTENTS, TEAR THE ENVELOPE'S SEAL!

IRONIC... THAT AN AUTHOR OF HORROR STORIES SHOULD DIE AT THE HANDS OF A MONSTER! THE POLICE ARE STILL COMPLETELY BAFFLED! NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA WHAT IT WAS! AND THEY STILL HAVEN'T FOUND WHERE IT HID DON'S BODY!

GOOD LORD!

Dear Mr. Trent,

Since you are reading this, I must be dead. Now I can explain why I have never attempted to meet you in person. I was deformed in this manner since birth, which drove my mother insane and caused my family to separate.

I was unable to speak, which is why I had no telephone. Ever since I was able, I sold stories to provide for mother and myself.

I felt responsible for her condition and refused to have her committed. I thank you for having employed me and sincerely hope you understand my reason for seclusion. Farewell.

Your friend
Don Xenik

JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU FEAR FIENDS, THAT YOU SHOULDN'T BE TOO EAGER TO MEET YOUR **PEN PALS** FACE TO (UGH) FACE! ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE AS **SHY** AS DON WAS! AND NOW TURN THE PAGE AND JOIN ME FOR SOME MORE **DRIPPINGS** OF **DREAD**...

6

HANG ON TO YOUR WEBS, WICKED ONES! WE'RE TAKING A TRIP THROUGH TIME TO ANOTHER WORLD, WHERE "MAN" CONFRONTS THE ULTIMATE HORROR OF...

THE SKIN-EATERS

THE DAWN OF MAN... OR THE TWILIGHT? IT MATTERS NOT. THERE ARE NO CALENDARS OR HISTORIES IN THIS BARREN, DESERT WORLD. TIME IS MEANINGLESS TO THE HUNTER. EACH DAY IS THE FIRST FOR HIM... AND THE LAST, IN HIS DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL!

REESE

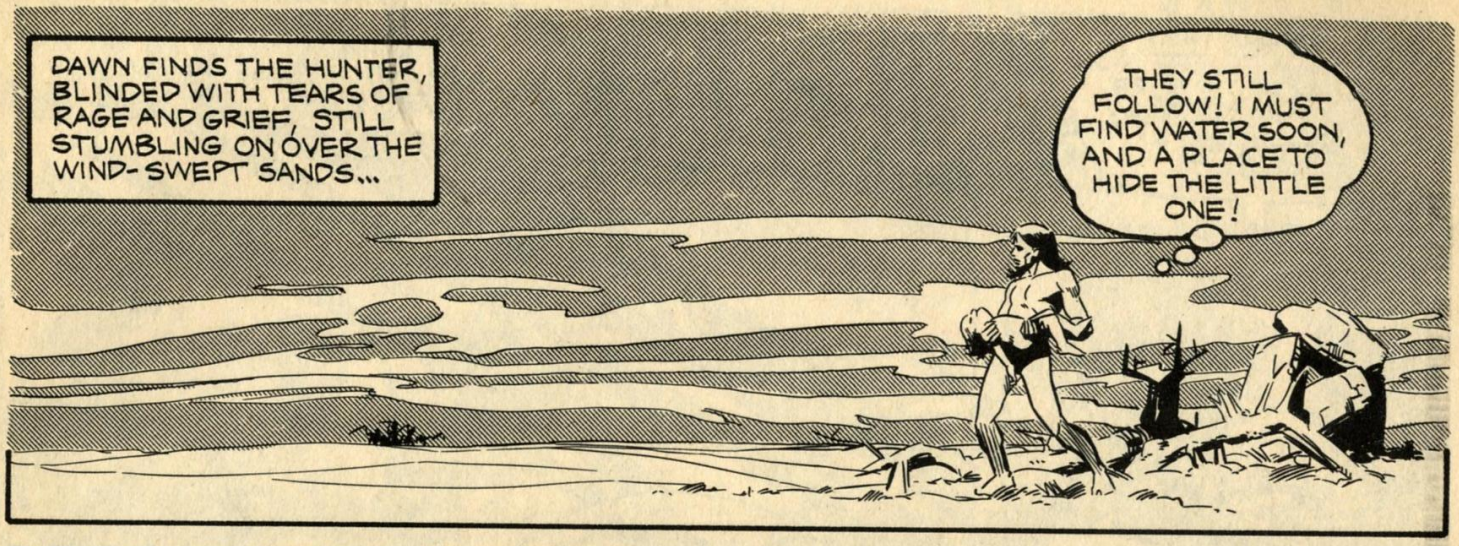
WHEN THE HUNTER SIGHTS HIS PREY, IT IS THE BEGINNING... OR THE END... OF TIME! FOOD FOR ANOTHER DAY...

OR DEATH! BUT THE HUNTER DOES NOT FEAR DEATH IN BATTLE, FOR EVEN THAT IS BETTER THAN SLOW STARVATION, IF HE DOES NOT... ATTACK!

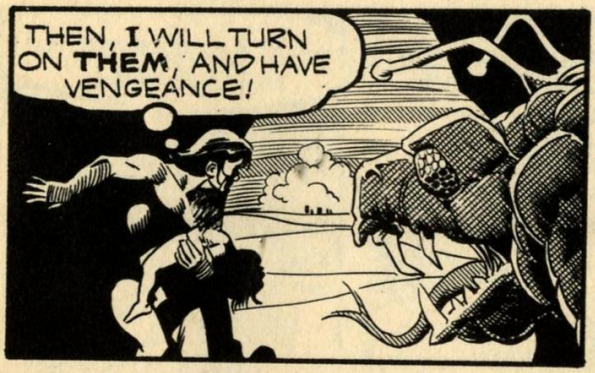
...ANOTHER DAY OF LIFE... BOUGHT FOR MATE AND CHILD.

art: **RALPH REESE** script: **TERRY BISSON**

BUT VICTORY IS NOT PEACE... THE HUNTER KNOWS NO REST, THOUGH HIS FIRE KEEPS AWAY THE NIGHT, FOR THE DEADLIEST CREATURE OF ALL DOES NOT FEAR IT...
MORE THAN ANY LIVING THING, THE HUNTER FEARS THE BEING-THAT-EATS-ONLY SKIN... CRUEL BEASTS FROM BEYOND! THEY ARE DRAWN TO FLAME LIKE MOTHS...
IT IS THEM! WE MUST FLEE! I CANNOT FIGHT SO MANY!
BUT THE CAMP IS SURROUNDED BY SWIFTLY-MOVING SHADOWS...
THE HUNTER'S FUTILE SPEAR IS EATEN BY THE DARKNESS AS HE SEES HIS MATE DRAGGED OFF, SCREAMING IN TERROR!
DIE, COWARDLY FIENDS OF THE NIGHT! OH NO! MY MATE... MY CHILD...
WITH THE WILD STRENGTH OF DESPAIR, HE STRUGGLES TO FREE HER, BUT WHEN THE UNHARMED CHILD IS THRUST INTO HIS ARMS...
FLEE! INTO THE NIGHT... INTO THE CREATURE-FILLED DARKNESS! WHATEVER LURKS THERE, IT CANNOT BE WORSE THAN THE HORROR BEHIND!
I MUST SAVE THE LITTLE ONE... IT IS TOO LATE FOR HER!

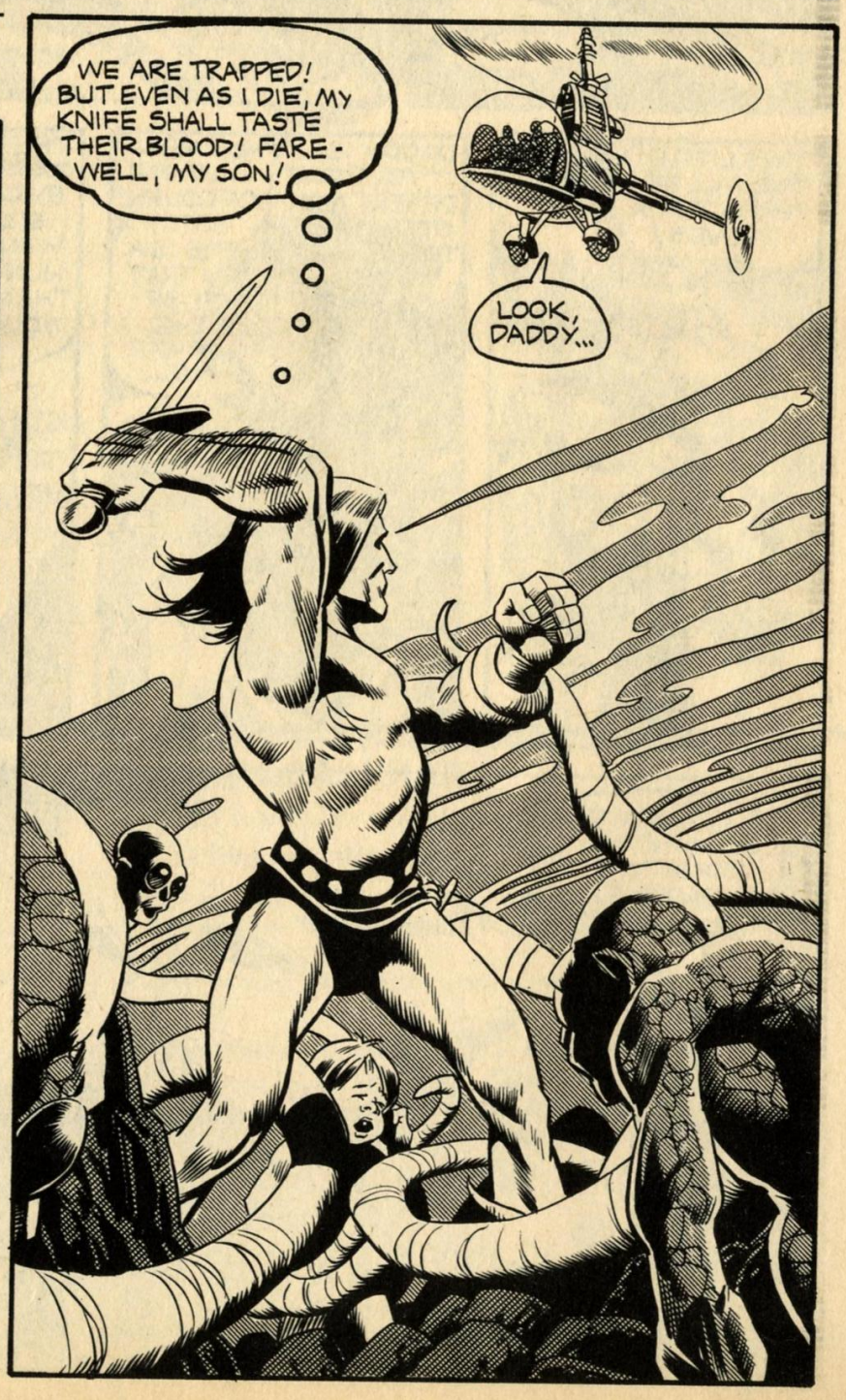


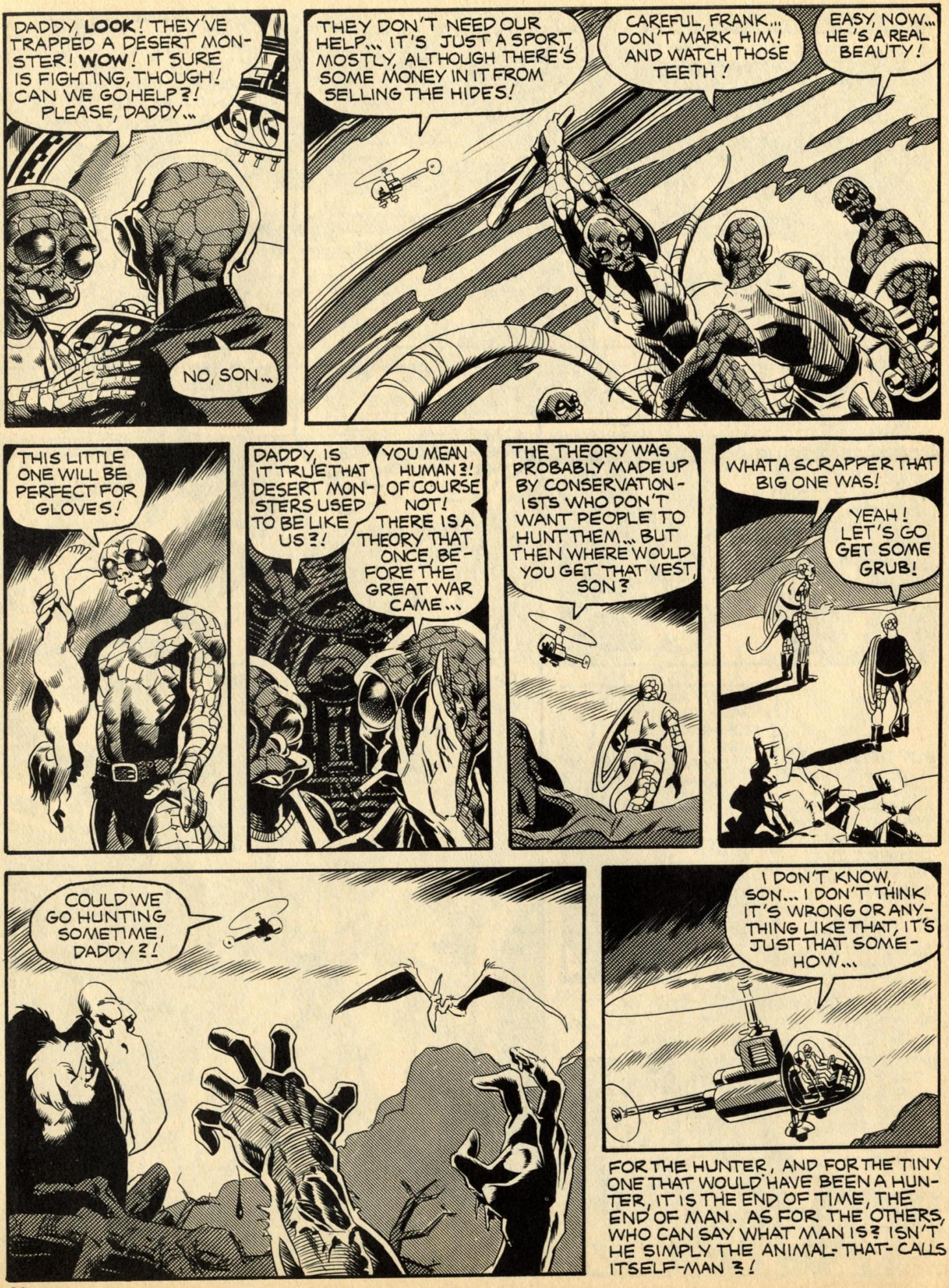
EVEN THE HUNTER'S ENEMIES, DESERT CREATURES LIKE HIMSELF, SEEM TO UNDERSTAND HIS SORROW AND FEAR. THEY MAKE NO MOVE TO ATTACK.



BUT THE HUNTER'S TIME IS RUNNING OUT! HE IS APPROACHING THE LEGENDARY EDGE OF THE DESERT, THAT HE HAS NEVER SEEN...

THE LINE BETWEEN TWO WORLDS... BEYOND WHICH NONE OF HIS KIND HAS EVER VENTURED... OR EVER SHALL!



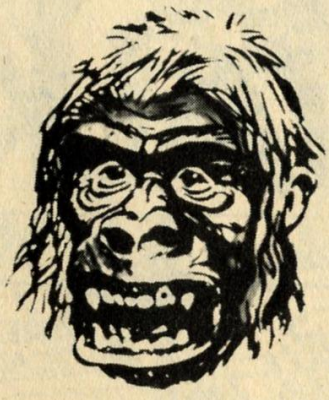

DADDY, LOOK! THEY'VE TRAPPED A DESERT MONSTER! WOW! IT SURE IS FIGHTING, THOUGH! CAN WE GO HELP?! PLEASE, DADDY...
NO, SON...
THEY DON'T NEED OUR HELP... IT'S JUST A SPORT, MOSTLY, ALTHOUGH THERE'S SOME MONEY IN IT FROM SELLING THE HIDES!
CAREFUL, FRANK... DON'T MARK HIM! AND WATCH THOSE TEETH!
EASY, NOW... HE'S A REAL BEAUTY!
THIS LITTLE ONE WILL BE PERFECT FOR GLOVES!
DADDY, IS IT TRUE THAT DESERT MONSTERS USED TO BE LIKE US?!
YOU MEAN HUMAN?! OF COURSE NOT! THERE IS A THEORY THAT ONCE, BEFORE THE GREAT WAR CAME...
THE THEORY WAS PROBABLY MADE UP BY CONSERVATIONISTS WHO DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO HUNT THEM... BUT THEN WHERE WOULD YOU GET THAT VEST, SON?
WHAT A SCRAPPER THAT BIG ONE WAS!
YEAH! LET'S GO GET SOME GRUB!
COULD WE GO HUNTING SOMETIME, DADDY?!
I DON'T KNOW, SON... I DON'T THINK IT'S WRONG OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, IT'S JUST THAT SOMEHOW...
FOR THE HUNTER, AND FOR THE TINY ONE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A HUNTER, IT IS THE END OF TIME, THE END OF MAN. AS FOR THE OTHERS, WHO CAN SAY WHAT MAN IS? ISN'T HE SIMPLY THE ANIMAL-THAT-CALLS ITSELF-MAN?!

SUPER OVER-THE-TOP MASKS

ONLY $2.00 EACH

CHILLING CAVEMAN

Covers head. This horrifying, heavy, rubber mask reaches the heights in the creative genius of mask-making. Painstakingly painted and generously decorated with hair. Sure to startle anyone who sees it.



JUNGLE GORILLA

A hairy masterpiece in the field of terror. Black hair and a full set of sharp, ape teeth. A truly terrifying creation. When the gals see you wearing this one, they'll go ape over you!

HORROR ZOMBIE

The zombie walks again when you wear this mask of mystery. Made of heavy latex rubber. Grave-yard green skin, twisted teeth and black hair.

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE

A big, black beard, a knife gripped between it's teeth, and a blood-red bandana on top of its frightful-looking head. Eerie sight. Sure to scare your friends out of their wits.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

GIANT MONSTER HANDS ONLY $3.00 PER PAIR!

GIANT MONSTER FEET ONLY $3.00 PER PAIR!

HORROR HOUSE
108 South Franklin Avenue
Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580

I enclose $..... for the items checked below, plus 25c extra for each item for postage and handling.

All masks $2.00 each; giant hands and feet $3.00 per pair.

- ☐ **Chilling Caveman**
- ☐ **Jungle Gorilla**
- ☐ **Horror Zombie**
- ☐ **Blackbeard the Pirate**
- ☐ **Giant Monster Hands**
- ☐ **Giant Monster Feet**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

City..... State..... Zip.....

NO C.O.D.S PLEASE. **Outside U.S. & Canada, please add additional $.25 postage per item.**

FOLLOW ME, FELLOW FIENDS, AND ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TWO GRUESOME GURUS WHO ARE VERY MUCH AT HOME IN THE WORLD OF THE WEIRD. THEIR NAMES? **THE BROTHERS USSHER**, TOBY AND JAKE. THEIR BUSINESS? WE'LL FIND OUT, AS WE ACCOMPANY THEM TO THE...

ISLAND OF THE WALKING DEAD

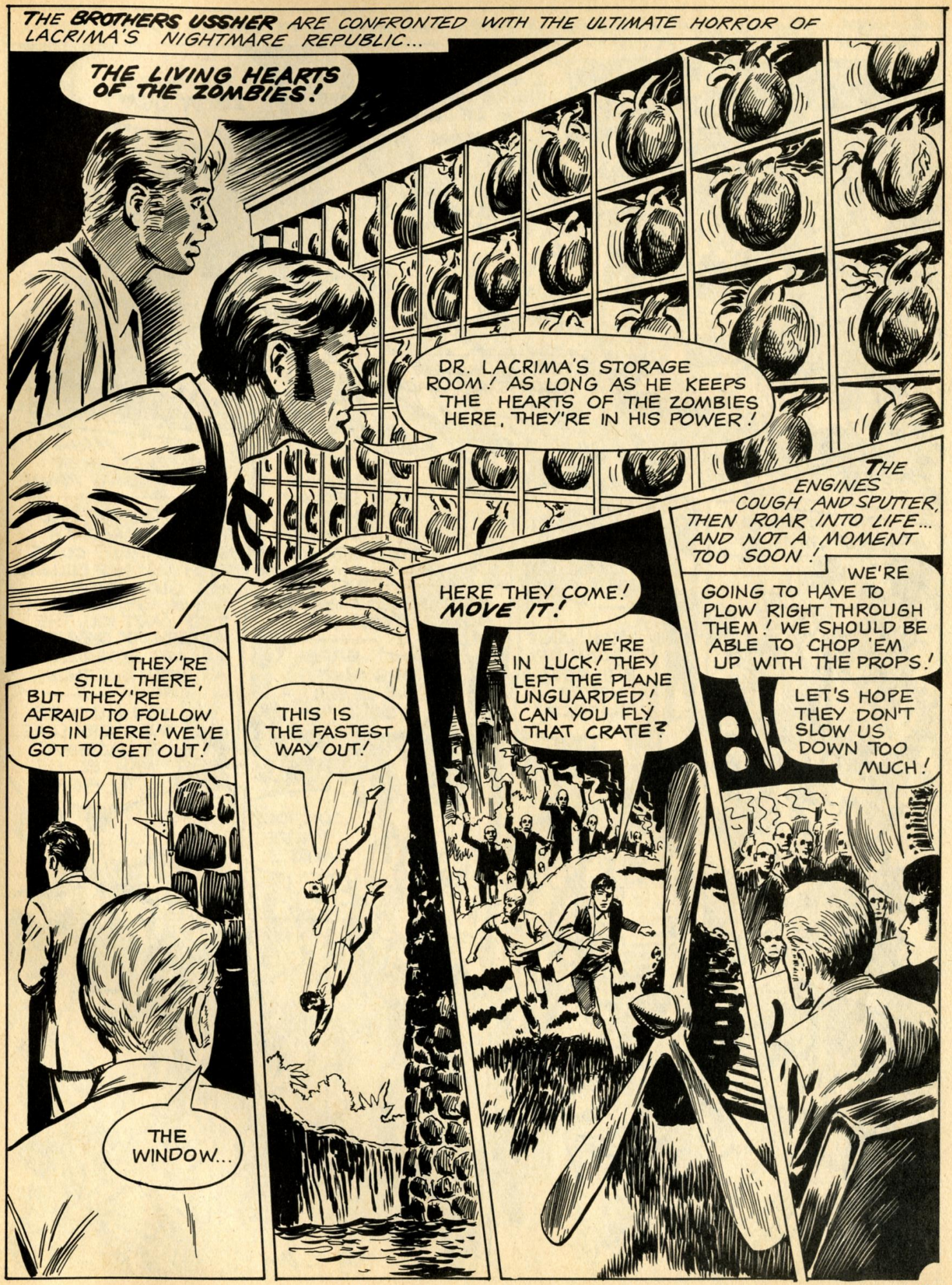
art: **DONALD NORMAN** script: **CARL DIMOND**

THE STRANGE RITES ARE OVER, THE BILLS ARE PAID... AND THE BROTHERS ARE ON THEIR WAY!
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN FOR YOUR SERVICES! I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT MY DARLING DAUGHTER WOULD HAVE TO DIE TWICE!
WELL... ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR! HOPE WE GET ANOTHER JOB SOON! THIS WON'T DO MUCH MORE THAN PAY THE RENT!
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!
THE VOICE FROM BEHIND THE DARKENED WINDOWS OF THE OLD LIMOUSINE IS DEEP... ALMOST INHUMAN IN IT'S UNFAMILIAR ACCENT...
THE BROTHERS USSHER? IS IT TRUE THAT YOU SLAY THE DEAD?
THAT'S OUR PARTICULAR SPECIALTY!
THEN IT IS IMPERATIVE YOU FOLLOW ME TO THE AIRPORT! NO TIME TO WASTE!
THE OLD FORD IS EQUIPPED WITH A FULL-RACE ENGINE AND DISC BRAKES FOR LIGHTNING MANEUVERS...
GOT IT, TOBY! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!
IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS. GRAB THE WHEEL, JAKE!

IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS, JAKE!
TO SAY THE LEAST! BUT THE MONEY'S GOOD, AND WE CAN USE IT! I WONDER WHAT THAT TORN HEART ON HIS CUFFLINK MEANT, THOUGH...
AIRPOPT
WITHIN THE HOUR...
THE ANCIENT ENGINES DRONE ON AND ON AS THE BROTHERS USSHER ARE FLOWN TO THEIR UNKNOWN DESTINATION...
WE MUST BE OVER THE CARIBBEAN! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUY WHO GAVE US THE MONEY?
I DON'T KNOW, I NEVER SAW HIM. BUT BETWEEN HIM AND THIS OLD CRATE FULL OF COFFINS, I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER ABOUT THIS JOB! THERES SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT THAT PILOT, TOO...
FINALLY...
WE'RE LANDING!
I WONDER WHERE WE ARE...

THE TROPICAL AIR IS HEAVY WITH STRANGE JUNGLE ODORS... AND ONE MORE FAMILIAR...
CAN YOU SMELL IT, TOBY?
YEAH! IT'S DEATH, AND FEAR...
AT THE END OF A MAZE OF MUSTY PASSAGEWAYS, THE BROTHERS USSHER ARE SURPRISED TO FIND A MODERN OFFICE...
WELCOME, GENTLEMEN, TO OUR LOVELY ISLAND OF ARBILLA! I AM THE PRESIDENT, DOCTOR LACRIMA! A BAND OF GUERRILLAS IS TRYING TO OVERTHROW MY DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT, AND I NEED YOUR HELP!
BUT WE'RE NOT SOLDIERS, WE'RE...
I KNOW! YOU ARE SPECIALISTS IN THE SUPERNATURAL! SO ARE THEY! THIS WOMAN, THEIR LEADER, IS A WITCH AND SHE IS USING THE FOUL ARTS OF BLACK MAGIC AND VAUX DAUX TO SUBVERT MY PEACE-LOVING COUNTRY. THAT'S WHY I NEED YOUR SPECIAL SKILLS! TOGETHER, WE CAN...
JAKE EDGES TOWARD THE GUARD...
I THINK YOU HAVE THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT US... IT'S TRUE WE DEAL WITH THE WORLD OF THE DEAD, BUT WE PREFER TO WORK FOR THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

...AND REVEALS THE LIFELESS STARE AND OPENED CHEST OF THE WALKING DEAD!
I MEAN WE DON'T WORK FOR ZOMBIES...OR FOR THOSE WHO CONTROL THEM!
HIS HEART IS GONE! SO IT'S YOU PRACTICING VOODOO, AND NOT THOSE WHO OPPOSE YOU!
FOOLS! YOU SHALL JOIN MY ZOMBIES, NOW!
YOU CONTROL THE HEARTS OF THE ZOMBIES!
I SHALL SLICE THEM, MY PRETTY...
OH NO YOU DON'T!
AND SWINGS IT EASILY THROUGH THE BLOODLESS, ROTTED FLESH!
SKRACK!
TOBY GRABS FOR THE RAZOR-SHARP MACHETE...
UGH! THAT ONE'S BEEN DEAD FOR QUITE A WHILE!
SLOWED, BUT NOT STOPPED, THE HIDEOUSLY MUTILATED CORPSE STUMBLES AFTER THEM...
TOBY AND JAKE FLEE THROUGH THE TWISTED PASSAGEWAYS OF THE CASTLE, UNTIL...
WE'RE BLOCKED! THIS DOOR'S UNLOCKED! C'MON, LET'S DUCK IN HERE!
THAT SYMBOL A TORN HEART! I'VE SEEN THAT BEFORE!
OHMIGOD!
NO MATTER HOW DEAD THEY ARE, THEY'RE STILL POWERFUL... AND DANGEROUS, BECAUSE THEY CAN'T BE KILLED!
LACRIMA GOT AWAY! LET'S DO THE SAME! THIS WAY!


THE BROTHERS USSHER ARE CONFRONTED WITH THE ULTIMATE HORROR OF LACRIMA'S NIGHTMARE REPUBLIC...
THE LIVING HEARTS OF THE ZOMBIES!
DR. LACRIMA'S STORAGE ROOM! AS LONG AS HE KEEPS THE HEARTS OF THE ZOMBIES HERE, THEY'RE IN HIS POWER!
THE ENGINES COUGH AND SPUTTER, THEN ROAR INTO LIFE... AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
HERE THEY COME! MOVE IT!
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PLOW RIGHT THROUGH THEM! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO CHOP 'EM UP WITH THE PROPS!
WE'RE IN LUCK! THEY LEFT THE PLANE UNGUARDED! CAN YOU FLY THAT CRATE?
LET'S HOPE THEY DON'T SLOW US DOWN TOO MUCH!
THEY'RE STILL THERE, BUT THEY'RE AFRAID TO FOLLOW US IN HERE! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!
THIS IS THE FASTEST WAY OUT!
THE WINDOW...

BLINDLY OBEYING THEIR MASTER'S ORDERS, THE ZOMBIES CLUTCH AT EVERY PART OF THE PLANE, PULLING IT DOWN...
I CAN'T GET ANY LIFT... THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM!
THE TREES... LOOK OUT!
...TO THE WAITING JUNGLE!
KERWAM!!
YOU OKAY, JAKE?
YEAH! JUST SHOOK UP! BUT NOW, WE'RE TRAPPED!
DRAGGING THEIR BROKEN BODIES, THE ZOMBIES SURROUND THE WRECKED PLANE WITH THEIR TORCHES...
THEY CAN'T BE STOPPED! THEY'RE GONNA BURN US ALIVE!!
GRAB THIS ROPE... WE'LL PULL YOU UP!
LOOK, TOBY, WE'RE SAVED!
HIGH IN THE TREES OVER THE BURNING PLANE...
I AM FELIPE, AND THIS IS MALDITA, OUR LEADER! COME WITH US! HER BULLETS WILL SLOW THEM DOWN, EVEN THOUGH THEY CAN'T KILL THE ALREADY DEAD! WE ARE EXPERIENCED AT FIGHTING THEM!
YOU MUST BE THE GUERRILLAS DR. LACRIMA WANTED US TO FIGHT!

LATER, AT THE GUERRILLA CAMP DEEP IN THE JUNGLE...
...AN' SO WE ONLY REALIZED THE FULL HORROR OF WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN MALDITA ...AND MALDITA ALONE... ESCAPED FROM THE CASTLE AND TOLD US OF THE HUNDREDS OF PEASANTS HE HAD TURNED INTO WALKING DEAD!
SHE LEADS OUR REBELLION, EVEN THOUGH SHE IS SILENT AND SPEAKS ONLY THROUGH FELIPE!
IF WE COULD DESTROY THE HEARTS, THE WALKING DEAD WOULD WALK NO MORE! LACRIMA'S POWER WOULD BE GONE! AND WE KNOW WHERE THE ROOM IS LOCATED!
LET'S GO! WE MUST STRIKE TONIGHT, BEFORE DAWN!
WILL YOU HELP US YANKEE FRIENDS, IN OUR STRUGGLE TO FREE OUR PEOPLE FROM THIS RULE OF HORROR?
WE OWE YOU THAT! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!
BUT HOW...
THE STORE-ROOM OF HEARTS! IF A FEW OF US COULD GET IN THERE...
RIGHT! AND WHAT IF WE LOAD THIS OLD SHOTGUN WITH SALT...
OF COURSE! SALT DRIVES ZOMBIES MAD, SO THAT THEY ARE UNABLE TO DO THEIR MASTER'S BIDDING. WITH THAT GUN AND THIS COAL OIL...
COAL OIL
A SPIRIT OF HOPE SPREADS OVER THE REBELS AS THE BROTHERS USSHER LEAVE WITH FELIPE ON THEIR DESPERATE MISSION...
THREE SHOULD BE ENOUGH!
YES! WE CAN'T RISK MALDITA'S LIFE RAIDING THE CASTLE. LACRIMA'S HATRED FOR HER IS VERY STRONG!
WHY DOES HE HATE HER SO MUCH?
HE HATES MALDITA ABOVE ALL OTHERS BECAUSE SHE IS HIS DAUGHTER! HIS ONLY CHILD! AND SHE TURNED AGAINST HIM!
GOOD LORD! NO WONDER SHE'S SILENT ALL THE TIME! WHAT A THING TO BEAR!
SSSHH! THEY MIGHT HEAR US! WE CAN SLIP IN THROUGH THAT DRAIN!

THE THREE SLIP INTO THE DARKENED CASTLE, AND THEN...
THEY'VE SEEN US!
SAVE YOUR SALT CHARGES, MY FRIEND. WE WILL NEED THEM LATER. I CAN SLOW THEM DOWN WITH MY GUN!
THE RAIN OF LEAD FROM FELIPE'S GUN SLOWS THE RELENTLESS CHARGE OF THE ZOMBIES...
THEY KEEP COMING...
BUT WE CAN OUTRUN THEM NOW! HURRY! THE ROOM OF HEARTS IS THIS WAY!
I PITY YOU, MY BROTHERS, EVEN THOUGH YOU FEEL NO PAIN! BUT SOON YOU WILL REST IN PEACE!
RAKARKAR AKRAK ARAK
AT THE END OF THE DARK CORRIDOR THEY FIND THE FAMILIAR DOOR...
THERE IT IS! BUT THEY'RE GUARDING IT NOW!
THEY'RE GOING TO GET BOTH BARRELS... I'LL SCATTER IT OFF THE CEILING, JUST TO MAKE SURE!
A THUNDEROUS BLAST SHAKES THE CASTLE AS TOBY FIRES THE ANCIENT WEAPON...
BABAROOOM!
...AND REDUCES THE ZOMBIE GUARDS TO MADDENED, WRITHING MASSES OF ROTTED FLESH!
THEY'RE HARMLESS ENOUGH NOW!
BUT OTHERS WILL FOLLOW! HURRY!
WE'LL NEED THIS!

RACING AGAINST TIME, JAKE SOAKS THE GRUESOME CONTENTS OF THE STORE-ROOM WITH COAL OIL...
READY WITH THE TORCH, FELIPE?
QUICK! I HEAR THEM IN THE HALL!
AND IT BECOMES AN INFERNO!
IT IS DONE!
WHOOOOOOSSSHH
THE LIVING DEAD FEEL PAIN ONCE MORE AS THEY DIE AGAIN... FOR THE LAST TIME!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE ZOMBIES! NOW LET'S GET LACRIMA!
WAIT! THAT MAN! WHO IS HE!
A STRANGELY FAMILIAR VOICE IS HEARD OVER THE DYING HOWLS OF THE ZOMBIES...
ALLOW ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU, GENTLEMEN! YOU HAVE CHECKMATED ME!
THAT VOICE, AND THOSE CUFF-LINKS... THE TORN HEART AGAIN! THAT'S THE MAN WHO HIRED US!
AS THE THREE WATCH, HORRIFIED, THE STRANGE MAN TURNS AND CALMLY WALKS INTO THE INFERNO..
STOP HIM!
TOO LATE!
I CONCEDE MY LAST TWO PAWNS!
THEY DASH THROUGH THE SCREAM-FILLED HALLWAYS TO DOCTOR LACRIMA'S OFFICE, ONLY TO FIND..
TWO PAWNS... TWO HEARTS! COULD THAT MEAN THAT LACRIMA IS ALSO...
LOOK!

AS THE FINAL SCREAMS OF THE CORPSE THAT RULED THE COUNTRY DIE AWAY...
SO THAT STRANGE MAN WAS IN CHARGE, AND NOT LACRIMA! BUT HE CARRIED TWO HEARTS! WHO'S THE OTHER ZOMBIE?
I THINK I KNOW! WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP!
WHEN THEY REACH THE CAMP TO TELL OF THEIR VICTORY, A STRANGE SCENE GREETS THEM...
WE DID IT, PEDRO! THE WALKING DEAD ARE DESTROYED! WHERE'S MALDITA?
EVEN THOUGH SHE "DIED" IN AGONY, THE EXPRESSION ON THE REBEL LEADER'S FACE IS ALMOST PEACEFUL...
BUT... BUT SHE HELPED US FIGHT THEM! HOW WAS IT POSSIBLE?
EVIL IS NOT ALL-POWERFUL, MY FRIEND! LOVE OF FREEDOM CAN BE STRONGER!
THE NEXT DAY...
WE WILL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU HAVE DONE. I WISH WE COULD AFFORD TO PAY YOU!
YOU DID... YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!
BESIDES, BEFORE WE LEFT I HAD TIME TO COLLECT OUR FEE... PLUS A NICE BONUS... FROM LACRIMA'S OFFICE!
ANOTHER DAY.
ANOTHER DOLLAR, JAKE! BUT I WONDER WHO THAT STRANGE MAN WAS! I WONDER...
STOP WONDERING, IT'LL WEAR YOU OUT! WE'D BETTER GET SOME REST ON THE WAY BACK TO NEW ORLEANS, BECAUSE I HAVE A WEIRD FEELING THAT WE'LL BE MEETING THAT GENTLEMAN AGAIN!
I HAVE THE SAME FEELING, JAKE! IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S SLITHER ON TO OUR NEXT SKULL-SHOCKER!

VENUS FLY TRAP THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS BITS OF MEAT, FLIES AND INSECTS!

$1.00 FOR THE WORLD'S MOST TERRIFYING HOUSE PLANT!

NO WORK! EASY TO GROW! The Venus Fly Trap bulbs grow especially well in the home. Plants thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 Fly Traps plus extra special growing material packed in plastic bag. ONLY $1.00. FEED IT RAW BEEF!

Unsuspecting insects come in contact with sensitive hairs, causing trap to close. Plant dissolves and digests insects. AMAZING is the word for this startling, surprising plant.

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PLANT DEPT.
108 South Franklin Avenue, Valley Stream, N.Y.11580

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No C.O.D. Orders Please.

☐ **Enclosed is $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling for 3 Fly Traps and special growing material.**
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FRONT VIEW

TERRIFYING!!! A SHOCKER!!! GRUESOME!!!

GIANT! SUPER! FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER MASK

Horrifying, all-rubber mask. The greatest super Frankenstein mask ever created! Red scars and lips! Eerie, green skin! Silver bolts on neck and forehead! Black hair! A genuine scream producer at only $4.00.

COVERS ENTIRE HEAD!

SIDE VIEW

HORROR HOUSE
SUPER MASK DEPT.
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Please send me the super, over-the-head, all-rubber Frankenstein mask. Enclosed find $4.00 plus 50c for postage and handling.

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